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## E L E G Y

On that Worthy and Famous A C T O R,  
Mr. CHARLES HART,

Who departed this Life *Thursday August* the 18th. 1683.

CAN HART be dead, and yet neglected lie,  
Like vulgar Trophies of Mortality,  
Nor have His Name shrin'd in an *Elegy*?  
Hence Modern Wits, *Apollo's Bastard-brood*;  
If not for *Him*, mourn your *Ingratitude*.  
You oft have Verse on *meaner* Subjects made;  
None shou'd give *Presents*, and leave *Debts* unpaid.  
Unthankful Tribe! how can ye silent be,  
And let His *Fame* earth with his *Corps*, when He  
Gave both your Works and You *Eternity*.  
Thus lighted Tapers round their *Flames* do cast,  
And but for *Others Good*, *Themselves* they waste.

Pardon, *bright Saint*, if now my weaker Verse  
Appear in sighing o'r Thy *Glorious Herse*,  
To chide bold Death, and our vast Loss bewail;  
Our Loss, which nought on Earth can countervail:  
For where's a Name like HART, that has the Pow'r,  
Can force all eyes to a Tributary Show'r?  
Whose Sins begot no *Libels*, whom the Poor  
For *Benefit*, the Rich for *Worth* adore;  
Who liv'd a *Phoenix*, who Himself deny'd,  
And to warm *Passion* a cold *Martyr* dy'd.  
Sure He's not dead? Such were His looks, when He  
Wou'd counterfeit a *Death* in *Tragedy*.  
But, ah! He's gone too sure; Cold is His Brow,  
And th' *busie Pulse* for ever's idle now;  
His Tongue, which late such *Melody* did arm,  
As could to *Extasie* the Hearers charm;  
Whose *Sweetness* (as we thought) might *Fate* o'r come,  
And make him change his *Rigour*, now is dumb.  
Silent as *Sleep* He lies, His latest *Breath*  
*Lifes Epilogue* spoke, and all is still as *Death*.

Farewel! Thou Darling of *Melpomene*;  
The *Best* but *Imitate*, *None Equal Thee*;  
With Thee the *Glory* of the Stage is fled,  
The *Heroe*, *Lover*, both with HART lie dead:  
Of whom all speak, when of His Parts they tell,  
Not as of *Man*, but some great *Miracle*.  
Such Pow'r He had o'r the *Spectators* gain'd,  
As forc'd a *Real Passion* from a *Feign'd*.

For when they saw AMINTOR bleed, strait all  
The House, for every Drop, a Tear let fall;  
And when ARBACES wept by sympathy,  
A flowing Tide of Wo gush'd from each Eye.  
Then, when he would our easie Griefs beguile,  
Or CELADON or PEREZ made us smile:  
Thus our Affections He or Rais'd or Lay'd,  
*Mirth*, *Grief* and *Love* by wondrous Art He sway'd.

Let no detracting Tongue dare wound His *Fame*,  
Nor the *Precise* gainst *Actors* more exclaim,  
HART has restor'd their *Credit*, grac'd their *Name*.  
His Life the Stage instructed, and now dead,  
We're taught by Him the Worlds gay Stage to tread.  
Oh happy me! in such a Time brought forth,  
As to behold such *Goodness*, and such *Worth*.  
All that was *Excellent* we in Him might see,  
*Servant* to *Justice*, and strict *Honesty*:  
So *Pure* each Scene of's Life was, scarce we can  
Find *Vice* enough, to say He was but *Man*.  
His unexamp'd *Virtues* have no end,  
He was a *Loyal Subject*, *Faithful Friend*:  
Mans *Favourite*, and th' *Almighties* was He too,  
Each hour His *Alms* and *Pray'rs* did Heav'n pursue,  
Secur'd of which bright *Mansion*, hence he flew.

And now, shou'd I aspire each *Grace* to *Praise*,  
A *Work* t'astonish *Wonder* I must raise  
But oh, blest Soul! since great our Loss appears,  
Permit me bath Thy *Memory* in *Tears*;  
For Thy surviving *Fame* can never die,  
Confin'd to nothing but *Eternity*.  
While Thy blest *Life & Death* to th' *Best* give *Laws*,  
And each this certain *Truth* from *Envy* draws,  
HART ne'r made *Exit* yet without *Applause*.

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